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NARRATIVES FROM THE WAR

IN CHARGE OF

ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL

An ex-senior surgeon of Guy's Hospital, London, writing of his son at the front, a motor-cyclist dispatch carrier in the Royal Engineers Signal Company, says, "The General wanted to know whether certain bridges were intact, as the English had retreated across them and a hospital needing supplies had been left on the other side. Volunteers were called for and C. was 'lucky enough to get the job,' as he expressed it. He rode three miles into the German lines and returned unhurt, bringing the required information." When he was wounded, he was waiting for a written order. His colonel suggested that they should go to a cottage near by as shells were falling about them. He turned to bring his motor cycle when a shell exploded, destroying the cottage and killing the colonel. He mounted his cycle but was unable to start it on account of the wound in his leg. Some men shoved it off and he rode five miles to headquarters to convey verbally the message the colonel had not had time to write.

Mlle. Jeanne Perichon, a French Red Cross nurse, has been awarded the Order of Leopold for bravery under fire.

A Belgian regiment, the Seventh, which fought at Liège in the early days of August and is still in the field, has a dog team post. The wonderfully trained animals draw lightly built carts, one train following another in a column, never attempting to break away. One dog, which had been wounded, had his head wrapped in a huge bandage. He responded to the words of encouragement by wagging his stump of a tail and straining at his cord traces. These dogs know their work well and seem to perform it with a sense of duty.

A French nurse, taken prisoner with her ambulance near Sedan, was accused of being a spy and threatened with execution. She appealed to the Kaiser and was taken before him. After a monologue against the enemies of Germany he ordered her to be set at liberty, adjuring her to repeat all that he had said to her.

The home of Prince Lichnowsky, late German ambassador to England, which is in Silesia, has been turned into a Red Cross Hospital.

Water beds for the use of the seriously wounded are asked for by the Women's Hospital Corps, for their military base hospital at Wimereux, Boulogne.

The women of Canada raised \$282,857.77 as a fund to provide a hospital ship. It was later decided, as the ship was not immediately needed, to give \$182,857 to the Canadian Women's Hospital at Haslar, near Portsmouth, and the remainder to the British War Office for military hospital purposes.

King Alphonso of Spain has given \$2000 to a fund that is being raised in Madrid for the suffering Belgians.

Queen Mary of England has established a fund to provide work for women out of employment. Many centers have been opened in London. Garments are cut over for children, infants' clothes are made to be distributed to those unable to buy them. Ottomans made from packing cases and mats knitted by the work women are sent to homes for Belgian refugees.

The British Red Cross Hospital at Netley, England, reports that a number of Indian soldiers lost their puggarees during their transit from the front to the hospital. They did not approve of the head-gear provided as a substitute for their wonderful head-dress. Queen Alexandra, the Queen Mother, sent 400 yards of lawn to replace the missing puggarees. The Indians begged the nurses to wrap the gifts in paper so that they might keep them to take back to India as mementoes of the Queen Mother.

During the visit of King George V of England to his army at the front he met King Albert of Belgium in the only corner of that brave monarch's kingdom that remains to him and conferred upon him the ancient order of the Garter, founded by King Edward III in 1344. Queen Elizabeth was present at the investiture.

A Red Cross volunteer nurse, attached to a large hospital in England, sends a description of her work:

In my ward there are 20 wounded soldiers, Belgian and British. To look after them are two Red Cross nurses, myself and another, and a little, rosy-cheeked probationer, very clever and willing. There are four wards on one floor with one Sister, a splendid nurse, in charge of them all, and ward nurses who do all the dressings, give medicine, etc., helped by us. The duties of the Red Cross

nurses on my shift are to see that the patients have all they want; to prepare and give them their teas, feeding them if necessary; to make every bed and wash every patient who can not wash himself, blanket bathing a certain number each night and attending to all the backs, heels and elbows of the helpless ones. After that we give them their suppers, soup or cocoa, and bread and butter. When lights are turned off we are very ready to go home and rest. On Thursday morning we received a telegram to make ready for 70 wounded to arrive that evening. Everything was in readiness, extra trained nurses and orderlies were there, as sometimes the work is simply appalling. We waited until 9 o'clock at night, when another telegram came saying that it was so rough and squally that they dared not land the wounded. Next day they arrived. They were not such terrible cases this time as they had been in some of the hospitals at the front. They had been cleaned and bound up properly, poor fellows. More often they come straight from the trenches, covered with mud and blood with only sort of first aid dressings on their wounds. I think that one thing which helps to save the dear boys is their wonderful spirit. They are in a state of wild enthusiasm and excitement that nothing seems to quell. Pity is what our men cannot stand. When their wounds are being dressed and the pain is almost too great to bear, they chaff the nurses or clench their teeth and sit tight. The Belgians are a gentler, quieter set of men. Their high spirits alternate with fits of terrible depression, when they sob and cry like children, and no wonder.

Another letter from a surgeon says that the chief craving of the poor Belgians is for news of their scattered families, which is impossible to obtain.

A new Canadian base hospital is being established on the Thames at Cliveden, the estate of William Waldorf Astor, who has most generously spent \$15,000 in preparing it. The hospital was opened with 125 beds, which it is expected ultimately to increase to 1000. A staff of Canadian nurses has been sent from Canada to serve in it.

Sir Frederick Treves, one of the most eminent of English surgeons, speaking before the Royal Society of Arts, said that the results achieved by inoculation against typhoid fever in the British expeditionary force have been positively astounding. Since the war began, there have only been 212 cases, of which 173 have been among those who had not been inoculated. There have been 21 deaths, not a single one of which was of those inoculated. Among the 22,434 Canadian soldiers vaccinated at the Valcartier camp, only 22 had symptoms more serious than the usual malaise and headache.